

The True Northerner.

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WHOLE NO. 144

The True Northerner,

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AT
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By S. F. BREED, Proprietor.

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If not paid within three months, 1 25
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DR. JOHN W. EMERY,
Surgeon and Physician. Office at his residence on Niles and Oak Sts., house formerly built and owned by James M. Kachman. All calls promptly attended to. The doctor was formerly a practicing Physician of this place, and some months since returned after an absence of a few years. Patronage is respectfully solicited. 114

DRS. ANDREWS & WOODMAN,
Have formed a partnership for the practice of Medicine and Surgery. All calls promptly attended to day or night.

C. M. ODELL, M. D.,
Homeopathic Physician, Surgeon, dentist, and Obstetrician. Also, dealer in Books & Stationery. He may at all times be found at his Residence on the corner of Niles & Paw Paw St., directly south of the Court House. 114

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Manufacturer of, and dealer in all kinds of Cabinet Ware; consisting in part of Bureaus, Tables, Bedsteads, Lounges, Trunks, Washstands and Light Stands, etc., etc. Orders made to order. Warehouse opposite the M. E. Church, Main St. 27

E. SMITH & CO.,
dealers in Dry Goods, Paper Hangings, Boots and Shoes. Ready made Clothing, Looking Glasses, Sash, Stone ware, &c., at the lowest prices. Call at the "Farmer's Head Quarters." 24-1

A. BINGS & CO.,
Proprietors Paw Paw Livery Stable. Horses and Carriages at all times to let. Passengers conveyed to any part of the country with dispatch. Stable in rear of Exchange Hotel. Terms moderate. 25-1

O. P. GORTON,
Dealer in Drugs, Medicines, Poisons, Oils, Window Glass and Sash, Glass, Groceries and Groceries ware, Family Groceries, Soda and Miscellaneous Goods and Stationery, Dye-woods and Dye stuff, Jewelry, Yankee Notions, etc., etc. No. 25-1

S. C. GRIMES,
Dealer in Groceries and Provisions, Fish, Fruit, Nuts, Paints, Oils, Yankee Notions, Woodwork, Willow and Stone Ware, Confectionery, Cigars, Drugs and Medicines, Books and Stationery, Pure Liquors for Medicinal and Mechanical purposes, etc., etc. 24-1

N. B. MCKINNEY,
Notary Public, and Treasurer of Annapolis Township, will attend to making out Deeds, Mortgages, and Contracts, and to the payment of Taxes. Office at
LAWSON, VAN BUREN COUNTY, MICHIGAN.

C. M. MORRILL,
Manufacturer and Wholesale and Retail dealer in all kinds of Lumber, Lath, Pickets, Shingles, Dressed and undressed, Siding and Flooring. At Lake Mills, and Paw Paw and Mattawan. All orders addressed to him at Paw Paw will receive prompt attention. Bills of Lumber up to 46 feet in length sawed to order. N 19-1

E. J. HOUSE,
Dealer in Staple and Fancy Dry Goods, Hats, Caps, Bonnets, Ready Made Clothing, Boots and Shoes, Paper Hangings, Groceries, Crockery, Sheet Iron Ware, &c., &c. 18-1

J. B. DOWNS & CO.,
Dealer in Ready-Made Clothing, Cloths, Cassimeres, Vestings, Gentlemen's Furnishing Goods, Cutting and Making done in the Latest Styles, and to order, here done east of the Exchange.

S. F. BREED,
Plain, Fancy, Job, News and Ornamental Printer, Handbills, Posters, Cards, Ball Tickets, &c. expeditiously and quickly executed with neatness and dispatch. All orders respectfully solicited. Prices moderate.—NORTHERNER OFFICE—north side of main street, Paw Paw.

ISRON, WARREN & CO.,
Dealers in Staple and Fancy Dry Goods, Ready-made Clothing, Boots, Shoes, and Groceries. A kind of Produce received in exchange. Store on Main Street, opposite the Exchange. 136-11 Paw Paw, Mich.

HENRY LUCAS,
Manufacturer of and dealer in Windsor Cottage and cane seat chairs. Turning, repairing, &c. executed on short notice. Stone line for sale and constantly on hand. Shop opposite the Methodist Church, in the new cabinet shop. Paw Paw, July 30, 1857. 120-ly

W. R. HAWKINS,
Dealer in Dry Goods, Groceries, Hardware, Ready-made Clothing, Boots and Shoes, Hats and Caps, &c. Store, south side Main street. 4-ly

S. A. TRIPP,
LAND AGENT, will attend to the business of Conveyancing, Drawing Contracts, the purchase and sale of Real Estate, paying Taxes and collecting Delinquent Taxes. Also, business of leaving town, description, &c. or sending them by mail. Office at the Post Office, South Haven, Mich. September 6, 1856. 73-ly

Please Take Notice.

ALL persons indebted to T. A. Granger, either by note or book account are requested to call at the City Store, opposite the Court House, where his books and papers are deposited, and settle the same without delay. T. A. Granger. Paw Paw, July 27, 1857. 120-ly

HENRY STERN,
Dealer in Ready-Made Clothing, Hats, Caps, Vests, and Gentlemen's Furnishing Goods, which will be sold to suit customers. First Door East of Niles's Fancy Store. Kalamazoo, 122-ly.

MELODIANS,
The cheapest Music. Mason & Hamlin, and Prince & Co. have exclusive patented improvements.—Bells, Ranges, Lawrences. Acoustical furnishing and warrant for durability, at Factory prices, voice loud or soft and tune in the equal temperament. Lawrence, Nov. 1, 1857. 133-11

C. A. SHERMAN
STAGE PROPRIETOR.
Stages leave Paw Paw village and connect at the Station, (on line of Michigan Central Railroad) with all regular passenger trains East and West—returning to the village, on arrival of each train.
Passengers carried at all times between Paw Paw and Lawson. Extras called for, run at all hours. Stage Office at the "Exchange" Hotel, where Express packages or bundles will be deposited and received.

EDWARD J. KING,
SURGEON DENTIST.
KALAMAZOO, - MICHIGAN.
Office with Dr. P. S. Grimes, 62-ly

HUBBARD'S
GREAT WESTERN
SHAVING SALOON.
FASHIONABLE BARBER AND HAIR DRESSER, will shampoo the heads of Ladies and Gentlemen at their residences when desired. 25-1 Shop on Main street, in the Exchange Building. Paw Paw, Mich., 141-11

LAWRENCE
LITERARY INSTITUTE.
THE second term of the current year of this Institution will commence on Monday the 4th of January, 1858. Terms as heretofore.
Lawrence, Dec. 21st, 1857. Principal. *141-2w.

A. T. METCALF,
(Late of the firm of White & Metcalf, Utica, N. Y.)
SURGICAL AND MECHANICAL DENTIST.
KALAMAZOO, MICH.
ALL operations performed in the best manner and at a moderate price. Office on Broadway, corner Main and Burdick streets, Kalamazoo. 21-11

FRED. W. WILSON,
Successor to D. A. McNair,
WHOLESALE & RETAIL DRUGGIST,
AND DEALER IN
PAINT, OIL, DYE STUFF,
Also, Superior Artificial Teeth, Dental Instruments, Patent Medicines, Glass, Sash, Putty, Hair, Cloth and other Brushes, Perfumery and Fancy Articles.
Corner of Main and Burdick Sts., south side of Main, 135 KALAMAZOO, MICH.

MELODEONS. MELODEONS.
Mason & Hamlin and Prince & Co.'s Melodeons with latest improvements, patent divided swell, &c., the best in the United States for sale at manufacturers' prices. Melodeons and other reed instruments tuned, voiced, and supplied with new reeds by
BENJ. RANDALL.
Paw Paw, June 13th, 1857. 113-11

NOTICE.
VAN BUREN CO. TREASURER'S OFFICE.
Paw Paw, Mich., July 28th, 1857.
THE sale of lands in the county of Van Buren years ago for taxes of 1856 and previous years; also the sale of State Tax Lands will be held at the Court House in the village of Paw Paw, and will commence on Monday the 5th day of October next at 9 o'clock A. M., and be continued from day to day, Sundays excepted until the whole shall be disposed of or the taxes paid.
J. M. RIDLON, County Treasurer.

CORDS of seasoned WOOD, wanted at the NORTHERNER OFFICE.

THE WAY SHE WON HIM.

AN O'ER TRUE TALE.

A young girl from the window of a pleasant country parlor was chatting with a fine looking man, some ten years her senior, who stood among the flowers below, pelting her with rose buds glittering with dew.

"Stop, stop, Mr. Mansfield," she said, as she twined a handful of flowers in her dark curls.

"What was that you asked me? I could not hear well."

"Only to describe your beau ideal to me so I may know him if we ever meet," he said desisting from his sport leaning on one arm upon the window sill, and gazing into her animated face with a smile.

"Oh that's easily done. He must be young and handsome."

"That of course, or how could he aspire to the love of the charming Marion Cliff?" rejoined her companion with a gallant bow.

"A true to compliments, I pray you sir. Young and handsome—so much on generality—now I'll descend to particulars. He must be about twenty-two—slender and finely formed—graceful in his movements and courteous in his manner—and—let me see, what comes next?"

"Features, Marion, eyes, hair, mouth, and all of others."

"Thank you, his features should be Grecian, his forehead high, broad and white; his eyes and hair the same hue and that a beautiful brown—a brown, dark in the shadow, and light in the sun."

"Something like mine, eh, Marion? You needn't put or lift your hand to hit me. But to speak seriously, didn't you mean me, when we were talking? If so, just say the word, and your ideal will be divinely real, as the poet says."

"Don't be foolish, Louis," she replied. "Go look in the glass at your Roman face, black hair, whiskers and eyes, and see if the description suits. No, I have no desire to break my friend Jenny's heart by stealing away her wise colleague."

"That name silences me," said the student with an embarrassed laugh.—"But if I am not the lucky individual I know of, how, then, and I leave it to you that he is within twenty feet of you and coming nearer every moment."

"Marion's eyes followed him as they looked down the orchard path, and saw a gentleman coming slowly toward the house, reading intently from a small volume in his hand. Setting the roses a little more becomingly in her curls, (for she was born a coquette,) she whispered, "Your college chum, Clinton, is it not? The party of last night deprived me of the pleasure of seeing him."

"Yes, we were late, and he too tired to go with me into the rooms, or I should have introduced him then. But this time is still better. The plain pink morning dress and rose buds, become you wonderfully my belle cousin."

"Flattery!" She laid her white and jeweled hand caressingly upon his shoulder and turned her graceful head within the room as if in search of something.—"There was policy in the coquette's last movement and this was that a sudden glimpse of her glorious beauty might dazzle and astonish the student."

Thus admonished, the apparently unconscious girl turned and raised her large and beautiful eyes to his face. A rapid glance convinced her cousin's assertion.—"It was a face much like that of the ideal one she had pictured forth for his amusement."

"Cousin Marion, let me introduce you to my best and dearest friend, Godfrey Clinton," said Mansfield with a light touch upon the arm.

"My cousin's friends are always welcome to me," she said removing her hand from Mansfield's shoulder and extending it to him. He took it with a firm clasp, that thrilled her through every vein.

"How beautiful she is," thought the gentleman.

"I will win his heart before he leaves me," said the lady.

Their eyes met as he relinquished her hand. Both blushed a little, and Mansfield turned away to hide a smile when he saw his friend, whose grave and steady aspect no woman's smile had ever before possessed the power to move beneath the magnetic influence of his cousin's handsome eyes.

The three lingered there but a few moments before the breakfast bell rang in the great hall; Mr. Mansfield sprang through the window and stood by his companion's side, determined as he said, to lead her into the breakfast room though forty Clinton's stood in his way. At this folly, his friend only smiled, and turned away, passed round the house to gain the front entrance.

"What now Louis?" asked Marion as he stood silent, looking absently from the window.

"Not much, Marion, I was only wondering if you would win Godfrey's heart as you have won so many others."

"Most certainly—if I think it worth my while to try, she answered carelessly."

"Not if you flirt with him, Marion—Godfrey has never loved yet; but he despises coquetry, and will never yield to a flirt. By your brighter and better self you will win him. I hope so from my heart."

"Pshaw. Don't lecture coz. Will you wager your diamond ring against mine, that he is not my declared lover before he leaves?"

"If you propose to secure him by coquetry—yes?"

"Done. Now take me to breakfast, for I am terrible hungry."

They passed on and took their seat at the pleasant family table. A moment after Godfrey Clinton entered, looking a little pale, and seeming a little cold.—Throughout the day he was much with Marion, but though his manner was courteous and kind, she missed an undefinable something that had charmed her, at first, and wondered if she had been deceived in the tell-tale glance of his beautiful brown eyes.

Ah! she had no means of knowing what you and I, dear reader, may discover—namely, that Godfrey Clinton in passing by the windows and doors had heard the heartless wager she had laid!

The days passed by; Marion, like Godfrey, was simply a guest at her uncle's home, and at liberty to devote her whole time, if she chose to do so. Much of it was passed in his company, especially as the arrival of Jenny Harrison, her dearest friend, Mansfield's cousin as well as his betrothed bride took her gallant from her.

While the young lovers absorbed in each other, took little heed of their friends they were traveling a most dangerous road together. Marion loved strong and beautiful poetry; the deep musical voice of the student read it to her in the lonely library; she sketched; he always carried her portfolio and pointed out the most beautiful views she rode and he was ever by her side when she chose to do so. Much of her time was passed in his company especially when he sang, and her light touch was needed upon the piano to make the melody complete.

A yet, all this familiar intercourse could not make him one whit more lover like than he had on the first unhappy morning. If his eye flashed now and then, it was to hold her there in an impassioned embrace; if his hand trembled at the light touch of hers or his cheek paled and flushed at the fanning of her warm breath she never knew it. He was always quiet, reserved and rather cold; never striving to seek the seat by her side, but taking it if all circumstances were favorable, exactly as he would have taken any chair and talking to her as he would and did talk to any other young and pretty girl.

Marion was puzzled. For the first time in her life she met him coldly; if he did not seem to notice it; if she greeted him half tenderly, he wore a sarcastic air that made her angry and if it was the case, she tried to pique him by a desperate flirtation with another; his soft brown eyes wore a mingled astonishment and disgust that hurt her more than a thousand cutting rebukes from her cousin Louis could have done. That cousin Louis by the by, would often smile mischievously as he passed her and touch her diamond ring upon her left hand.

Marion was proud as well as beautiful and coquettish. Was she the gay city belle for whose smile a thousand haughty lovers had bowed in vain, to waste her time in this lonely out of the way place simply because a perverse student refused to love her in preference to his books? She thought with a strange yearning of the crowded city and the countless friends who would flock around her when it was known she had returned. She would give up her diamond ring, of which she had fired long ago returned to her city home and let the gravity of the coming winter forget him.

She was setting in her room alone when she made this wise resolution and took the surest way for keeping it, by going down into the parlor where he was sitting at the piano, playing and singing. She stole in so silently that he did not notice her, and sitting down in a low rocking chair beside the centre-table, leaned her head upon her hand and listened. But while her ear drank in the plaintive tones of his exquisite voice, her eyes were bent upon the form she soon would see no more, upon the handsome haughty head with a splendid light, the light and symmetrical hand that laid upon the key. One sad thought followed another, and forgetting for a moment that she was not alone, she sighed audibly.

He started at the sound, and turned away from the instrument. Marion blushed, and a faint color stole over his white forehead.

"You! Miss Cliff," said he "why should you, of all others be sad?"

"It was the sound that made me so."

She rose, and standing by the window, pulled a Michigan rose from the vines that shaded it, twined it for a moment in her hand and stood irresolute whether to go or stay, a sudden thought struck her,

without another look toward him she was gone. And the next morning while she sipped her coffee, the petted belle announced her early departure for the city home.

It was the last morning of her stay, and she equipped for traveling, was seated at the piano when Clinton entered to summon her to the breakfast table.

"Miss Cliff," said he coldly, "I may not see you at breakfast, I have already taken that meal, and am about to leave on a hunting expedition. So I will say good bye now."

"Good bye, Mr. Clinton," she answered calmly, "I trust you will have a pleasant day."

He took the steady hand she offered in one hot and trembling.

"And is that all, Marion—Miss Cliff?"

"What more can I say," she asked with a quiet smile.

"Nothing! Nothing! Good bye Marion and may God bless you."

She sprang back into the parlor, flung herself into a chair by the table, leaned her folded arm and wept silently and bitterly.

Some one sprang through the window from the piazza and knelt beside her; a strong arm stole around her waist and a dear voice spoke her name. She looked up, and there before her knelt Godfrey. Tears were in his eyes and in his hand he held the Michigan rose she had cast away the night before.

"Marion, I love you. Do you love me?" he said eagerly.

She laid her hand in his, the next moment she was drawn closely to his heart and their lips met in a long, long kiss—a kiss of youth and love! The wager was won, but she had won it in losing her heart.

FROM WASHINGTON.
THE CONFLICT BETWEEN FITCH AND DOUGLAS.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 22, 1857.
In the Senate this morning, Mr. Stuart of Michigan, who had the floor, gave way to Mr. Fitch, of Indiana, who began with an allusion to Mr. Douglas's remark yesterday, that certain men, among them President Buchanan, were trying to read him out of the democratic party.

Mr. Douglas, who was writing a letter, apparently inattentive to what was going on, here suddenly turned upon, the gentleman from Indiana and inquired, "Did I include the President of the United States in that attempt to read me out of the party? Did I expressly except him?"

Mr. Fitch assented and went on to criticize the argument of the Senator from Illinois. He soon diverged, however, into matters to those who were striving to break down the democratic party, that great conservative organization on whose preservation depended the preservation of the Union. He held up in horror the contemplation of Mr. Douglas the political fate of Aaron Burr and Martin Van Buren, both of whom had traitorously attempted to destroy the Democracy and had thus brought ruin on themselves.

He repeated the charge against Mr. Douglas that in conjunction with Mr. Toombs he had prepared a premissory act for framing a Constitution for Kansas without any provision for submitting it to the people. Mr. Fitch said, however, that he attached little importance to these charges of inconsistency; very few of the Senators present could boast a perfectly consistent record, and it was of little consequence in this discussion what had been the previous sentiments or declarations of the Senator from Illinois.

Mr. Fitch continued in an elaborate attack upon what he termed the Topeka faction, which he described as a rebellious lawless set of men, and contrasted them with the loyal, law-abiding citizens who had formed the Lecompton Constitution. He admitted, in this connection, that the Lecompton Constitution contained a clause prohibiting its amendment prior to 1864; but that clause, he contended, was of no consequence; it was a dead letter. The people would change their constitution whenever they pleased.

His plan was to admit Kansas with whatever Constitution she may present herself. The Senate had no right to inquire how many votes were given for the delegates to the Convention who framed the Constitution. Nor had it any right to inquire into the number of votes that were cast at the ratification election yesterday. All that could be required was that the Constitution was framed by a legal body. The Lecompton Constitution was such a body, and that was enough.

He would have preferred that the whole Constitution should have been submitted to the people. But the Convention thought otherwise and their decision of the matter was final with him.

Mr. Fitch spoke without notes and with much more force and vivacity than either Senator Bigler or Green. He commanded the attention of the Senate and as he proceeded with his malignant personal innuendoes against Mr. Douglas the countenances of the Southern Senators lighted up with a satisfaction in marked contrast with the gloom and

uneasiness with which they had watched the process of demolishing the Pennsylvania Senator in the debate of yesterday.

During the latter part of Mr. Fitch's speech the Little Giant had lain perfectly motionless in his chair with his back to the orator who was so bitterly assailing him. As the speech went on his interest in it was manifest only by the angry knitting of his brows and the increased glowing of his deep-set eyes.

When Mr. Fitch sat down and Douglas slowly rose to his feet there was a hushed murmur through the crowded hall that indicated how deep was the interest and the expectation of the audience. He made a magnificent rejoinder compact forcible and ingenious and delivered with a proud, fierce energy of gesture and a sonorous ringing of his fine voice that made it one of the most impressive displays of oratory I have ever witnessed.—The mere sight of him was an imposing picture of animal and intellectual strength and power as he walked slowly to and fro across the Senate floor, tossing his shaggy locks as an angry lion tosses his mane, jerking out his sharp, sinewy sentence and turning now and then upon the gentleman from Indiana, and vehemently demanding, with a stamp of his foot, what he meant by comparing him to Aaron Burr? Or by accusing him of ambitious schemes to break down the democratic party? Or by his vague innuendoes and dark insinuations? Or by imputing to him as a crime his dissent from the President on some particulars relating to Kansas? "What if I do differ from the President? I have not become the servile tool of any President to receive and obey his instructions against my own judgment and sense of right."

He spoke with bitter contempt of the Lecompton faction in Kansas, and declared that but for the protection of the United States troops, the people would not let him stay a day in the Territory.—Again he warned the Senate that if this attempt to force a Constitution upon Kansas against the wishes of nine tenths of the people were persisted in, civil war would be the result.

In conclusion referring to these repeated attacks upon him, he said he asked no mercy, he should shrink from no controversy. If the design were to bring him out and exhibit his strength by repeated assaults he would foil that design by making no reply to them until a sufficient number were collected to merit his notice, when he would give a raking fire at the whole group.

It is obviously the policy of the Administration Senators to bring out Mr. Douglas by setting at him their feeblest champions first, and when his arguments, retorts and other defenses are exhausted, to come down upon him with their great guns—Hunter, Mason, Slick, Hammond and Jeff. Davis. Thus far, Mr. Douglas has carried on the fight without assistance, and with as much success as could possibly be expected in a battle fought on his narrow platform of Popular Sovereignty, and with the disadvantage of so decided a Pro slavery record behind him. After Mr. Stuart has spoken it will be considered a free fight, and the Republican Senators will strike in. With such auxiliaries there need be no fear that Douglas has been overborn in the debate. The strength of the argument against the Lecompton Constitution is such that even with Douglas against them the Republican Senators could have no fear of the result before the country. Acting in concert with him on this question an intellectual and moral victory at least is certain to be achieved.

Mr. Davis of Massachusetts gave notice to-day in the House of a bill to repeal the laws which require American seamen to carry protection papers issued by the Custom-House. These protections are of no practical value and are an annoyance and an embarrassment from which our merchants and ship masters will be relieved.

Printing Office Rules.

The following have been unanimously adopted by the "craft" and are expected to be observed;

1. Enter softly.
2. Sit down quietly.
3. Subscribe for the paper.
4. Don't touch the paper.
5. Say nothing interesting.
6. Engage in no controversy.
7. Don't smoke.
8. Keep six feet from the table.
9. Don't talk to the printers.
10. Hands off the papers.
11. Eyes off the manuscript.

Gentlemen observing these rules when entering a printing office, will greatly oblige the printers and need have no fear of the devil.

The ladies who sometimes bless us with their presence for a few moments are not expected to keep the rules very strictly and it will be agreeable to us to have them break the ninth rule as often as convenient.

Boys, unless accompanied by their parents, are particularly requested to keep their hands in their pockets.